THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

OCTOBER, 1808.

MRS. DICKONS,

OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

THIS lovely woman, and accomplished singer, has been long a deserving favourite with the public. At a very early age she gave surprising indications of a musical genius, and, at the premature age of six years, could perform Handel's overtures with an astonishing degree of judgment and taste. Mr. Poole, her father, having a large family, found it necessary to turn her promising talents to advantage, and accordingly placed her under the tutorage of Rauzzini, the celebrated musician; and, when only thirteen, she was engaged at Vauxhall, and soon afterwards at the Ancient Concerts. She then performed in Ireland, where the most unbounded applause crowned her exertions. A fortunate chance in the lottery having, by putting her in possession of a share of 30,000l. enabled her to retire from the stage, she intended to have relinquished the profession entirely, but having united her destiny with that of Mr. Dickons, of Yorkshire, and experiencing with him some embarrassments, she judged it most prudent to resume her

situation at the Oratorios, which she did, highly to the satisfaction of the public; and, on the 20th of October, 1807, she made her *entreé* at Covent-Garden, as Mandane in Artaxerxes, and was most flatteringly received by a fashionable and crowded audience. She has since performed in most of the popular operas, and is the first in the vocal department at that house. Of her person, we shall only say, that though rather more *enbonpoint* than formerly, it is neither coarse nor vulgar; her deportment is easy and unaffected, and her countenance expressive of every feminine charm. Her voice is full, melodious, and of great compass. She has evinced her skill in composition, by the publication of several canzonets, which are generally admired. As an individual, her character is highly respectable; her manners are engaging, and her conduct in every station of life has been unimpeachable.

THE BUSY BODY.

NO. VI.

MISS HARRIET HAIRBRAIN TO THE BUSY BODY.

Brighton, Aug. 8, 1808.

YOU must understand, my good lady, that I do not address you with any design of asking your advice, or soliciting your commendations. I am a giddy good-humoured girl, possessed of a large fortune, tolerable person, and great spirit; under such circumstances, you may suppose I see a great deal of life, and consequently am enabled to afford some useful information to a few of your ignorant country readers, respecting the manners of the *haut ton*, and rules for the regulation of their conduct, should any of the unexpected revolutions of fortune's wheel call them into the world. I recollect having read, in an ingenious novel, lately published, that the terms Somebody and Nobody have a very important meaning attached to them, in

the vocabulary of fashion, and I must beg you to let your readers know, that it has also been of late a criterion of distinction in all classes; and though I cannot absolutely be classed with persons of the exalted rank above alluded to, I wish it to be observed, that I properly understand the difference between Somebody and Nobody, and frame my conduct in public accordingly. My father is, unfortunately, a tradesman, yet as I have, by the partiality of a rich old aunt, become independent, I am not tied down to the observance of those vulgar rules which many are compelled to submit to. Now, among us, you will be pleased to observe, that Somebody always makes an excursion to one of the gay watering places, travels in a gig, or post-chaise—finds fault with every thing at the inns—takes an expensive lodging in the most conspicuous part of the town, or village—pretends to know every body who keeps a shewy equipage—runs pretty long bills with the tradespeople to make himself of consequence—uses an eye-glass, to distinguish who is who, lest by *mistake* he should recognize any of his plebeian acquaintances; and protests to all his genteel friends, that watering places are become insufferably vulgar. These are the distinguishing characteristics of Somebody.—Nobody, on the other hand, to please his spouse, or humour Miss Kitty, sneaks down to Brighton in a filthy stage-coach, loaded with band-boxes, and presents for country acquaintances—calls the view on every side delightful—gasps to inhale the fresh air, like a turtle just released from a journey on his back—takes up his residence in an obscure street—goes with money in his hand to the cheapest market, and, after all, asserts that watering places are unconscionably dear—makes a profound bow to all his customers, and twenty times a day wishes himself behind his own counter in Bishopsgate Street. The difference is obvious. The latter is ridiculed wherever he goes; while the former is received with the most obsequious attention. Having made these few observations, I will proceed to give

you a short account of my pleasures and occupations in this place, in the form of a journal.

Saturday.—Arrived at Brighton—took a lodging on the North Parade, at three guineas per week—made particular enquiries of our landlady concerning all the new comers—pretended to know every one of consequence.

Sunday.—Went to church—so uncommonly crouded, that there was no possibility of attending to the service; but had amusement enough in observing the dresses—all the Nobodies were obliged to stand, there not being accommodation for every body, and Somebody must have seats.—In the evening walked on the Steyne—stared at by the officers, who frequently whispered as I passed; admiration, no doubt, as I was dressed in the most fashionable style. What an enchanting place!

Monday.—Went to the races—saw our neighbour Fanny Batton, the taylor's daughter, with her father—looked another way.—On the ground papa met with some very agreeble gentlemen, quite men of fashion—they chatted most affably—declared that papa's observations were very judicious—made a few trifling bets, which papa won, and invited them to take a sandwich with us, for which purpose we repaired to the nearest hotel.—The strangers must certainly be men of rank, for they talked quite familiarly about Lord B——e and Mr. M——h, and other celebrated characters; there is no doubt of their being rich, as they pulled out a parcel of bank notes.—At the second heat papa betted higher—the gentlemen seemed more attentive to me than the stakes, and papa gave me a significant wink—he had, however, the ill luck to lose about thirty guineas, but was ashamed to appear vexed—our new friends took our address, and promised to pay us an early visit.

Tuesday.—Loitered away a few hours at Donaldson's—met our race-ground friends—introduced to the elegant Mrs. T.—went with her to the auction, where she bid for

every thing, and tempted me to do the same; some of the articles she declared she did not want, only she put them up that I might not lose them by another's bidding—made a party to the play at night.—Mrs. T—— seemed to have a general acquaintance, for every gentleman who came near the box nodded to her.——N. B. Bowing is quite vulgar now.

Wednesday.—Called upon by our new acquaintance, Hon. Mr. Nappum, who shewed us a letter which called him unexpectedly to London—requested papa to lend him twenty guineas on his note, having lost an immense sum at the races—papa could not refuse such a gentlemanly request.——*Mem.* Looking over my last night's purchases by day-light, find I have paid twice their value—hope Mrs. T—— has not been so unfortunate.

Thursday.—Walked on the Steyne—met Parson Cummings and his wife; was going to accost them, but they turned abruptly away—apologized to Mrs. T—— for their rudeness—but she laughed out loud, and said they were "droll quizzes"—went with my new friend to the toy shop—bought some sweet nicknacks.—Mrs.T—— saw a superb dressing-box which she wished to purchase, but had forgot her purse—so I lent her a five pound note.

Friday.—Much embarrassed by my friend's mistake, who this morning left Brighton—the following billet will explain—

"DEAR MISS,

"I am *necessitated* to go to Lewes for a few days, but hope to have the pleasure of your agreeable *sosiety* when I return to *Briton;* a thousand thanks for your sweet present, *wich* I will always keep for your sake. *Complements* to the good old gentleman. I quite forgot to give you the change, but it will be all the same when we meet.

"Yours ever, JANE T——."

This note is not very well spelt, but people of fashion do

not mind these trifling particulars.—It is awkward that she should imagine I intended to present her with the box, as I cannot with any propriety mention it to her—but no matter, she will certainly acknowledge it some other way.

Saturday.—Went to the auction, and saw the very same box—this is certainly rather surprising, I could not be mistaken—Mrs. T—— will explain it when I see her, no doubt.

I will not tire you by a longer journal, as every day is passed much in the same manner. We are preparing to return to town, papa's business requiring his presence.—Mrs. T—— is not come from Lewes, which I much wonder at; nor has she written to me since.—I will send you some further particulars when I have leisure.

Yours respectfully,

H. HAIRBRAIN.

Although Miss Hairbrain does not solicit my advice, she must not be displeased if I give my opinion. Her papa's race-ground acquaintance will turn out to be mere sharpers, and her dear Mrs. T—— nothing but a celebrated courtezan; who is intimately connected with all those characters, who know how to dupe those who have too little experience to detect the fraud practised upon them. The box put up to auction was undoubtedly that which Mrs. T—— purchased with Miss Hairbrain's money, such tricks being common; and we fear she will have but a bad account of her *change*. Nor is the loss of a few pounds all she has to fear; character is still of more value to a female, and her's has sustained a shock, by associating with such adventurers, which will not be easily repaired. It is thus, to use my giddy correspondent's words—that people of middling rank and fortune, by wishing to be thought *Somebody*, are the ridicule of *every body*, and the dupes of *any body*, till they are ultimately pitied by *Nobody*, and subjected to the animadversions of every *Busy Body*.

But from this frivolous matter I am called, by an affair of melancholy importance; I have not room to enter fully on the subject now, therefore must reserve it for another paper.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE KAINSI:

A SPECIES OF GAZELLE, OR ANTELOPE.

(Hitherto imperfectly described by Writers.)

THE Kainsi has received from the Dutch its name of *rock-jumper (klip-springer)*, merely on account of the nimbleness with which it bounds from rock to rock; and, in fact, of all the gazelle tribe it is the most active. It is the size of a roebuck of a year old, and has a coat of a yellowish grey: but its hair is singular in this respect, that, instead of being round, supple, and solid, like that of most quadrupeds; it is flat, harsh, and so little adherent to the skin, that the least friction causes it to fall off. Hence nothing is more easy than to strip the animal of hair, dead or alive; friction, or even touching the skin, is sufficient for the purpose. Often have I endeavoured to preserve the fur of those which I had killed, without being able to effect it: notwithstanding all my precautions in skinning them, the greatest part of the hair fell off. Another particularity is the brittleness of the hair; which is such, that if a portion be taken between the fingers, and twisted with the other hand, the hairs break. This property, however, is common to several quadrupeds which live among rocks.

This gazelle also differs from the other species in the form of its hoof, which is not pointed like theirs, but rounded at the extremity; and, as it is its custom, in leaping, or walking, to pinch with the point of the hoof, without bearing on the heel, it leaves a print distinguishable from those of all the African antelopes. Its flesh is exquisite, and much in request, especially among the hunters. The panthers and leopards are equally fond of it. I have

heard the Hottentots relate that these animals unite to hunt the Kainsi; and that, when the latter has taken refuge on the point of some steep rock, one of them will go below to wait for the prey, while the rest advance and try to force it to precipitate itself. I do not, however, give credit to these pretended associations of animals of the tyger kind.

The chace of the Kainsi is very amusing. It can scarcely, indeed, be forced by dogs, from whom it soon escapes by its inconceivable agility, and gets out of their reach on the point of some insulated rock; on which it remains for hours together, safe from all pursuit, and suspended, as it were, over the abyss: but in this position it seems to offer the best mark to the ball or the arrow; and if the hunter cannot always easily get at it after he has killed it, he may almost constantly shoot it. Many times have I been witness of the extreme nimbleness of this animal: but one day I saw an instance of it which astonished me. I was hunting one, and, from the nature of the place, it was suddenly so pressed by my dogs, that it seemed to have no possibility of escape. Before it was an immense perpendicular crag, which stopped it short; but on this wall, which I thought vertical, was a little ledge, projecting two inches at most, which the Kainsi had perceived. He leaped on it, and, to my great surprise, held fast. I thought at least that he would soon be precipitated; and my dogs themselves so much expected it, that they ran below to seize him when he should fall. I threw stones at him, to endeavour to make him lose his balance. All at once, as if he had divined my intention, he collected all his force, sprang to my side, flew over my head, and then, alighting some paces from me, escaped like lightning. I might still easily have shot him, but his leap had so surprised and pleased me, that I gave him his life. My dogs only were taken in, who, confused at his escape, did not return to me without a kind of shame.

Le Vaillant's Second Journey into the Interior of Africa.

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER.

(Continued from page 81.)

TO the expressions of gratitude which I received from my unworthy relation, I made a very laconic reply; and unreluctantly quitted a house which momentarily reminded me of the irreparable loss I had sustained by the premature death of a being, who had so suddenly supplied the place of both my parents.

To the friendly exertions of the worthy Mr. Hemmington, and the no less zealous endeavour to serve me of the honest lawyer, did I attribute the recovery of that fortune which was bequeathed me by my deceased aunt; and, desirous of proving myself grateful for the obligations conferred upon me, I implored the latter to receive a draft upon my banker.

"Do you mean to insult me, or my profession?" exclaimed Benson, as I presented him with the draft. "Did I not tell you that, though the world believe lawyer and rogue to be synonymous, I would prove the illiberality of the remark? Put that piece of paper into your pocket, my good fellow, and do not fancy that all mankind are influenced by the love of gain."

I was too much delighted with the independent sentiments of my new acquaintance, to wound him by urging my former request; and I well knew Mr. Hemmington's fortune was too independent for me to venture offering any pecuniary return for the probity of his conduct.

When Benson and myself offered to take leave of the worthy rector, he insisted upon our both sleeping at the parsonage; and, as the evening was far advanced, we each readily accepted the invitation, as I had the gratification of hearing Mrs. Hemmington's health was restored.

The intimacy which had subsisted between my aunt and the rector's lady, insured me a most cordial reception; and

as, in the true sense of the word, she was an affectionate mother, I had not been seated five minutes, when she enquired whether I would accompany her to the nursery.

"You cannot have forgotten your little favourite Emma, I am certain," said the anxious mother; "and George, or rather Hercules, as you used to style him, this evening returned from a preparatory school, and on that account they obtained permission to sit up later than their usual hour."

Possessing a natural fondness for children, and being desirous of embracing those whom I had been accustomed to caress from the very hour of their birth, I readily accepted their mother's invitation; but expressed astonishment at finding the nursery removed to a part of the dwelling which had merely been occupied by servants. The reason assigned was perfectly satisfactory, as the roof of the nursery required repairing. Both George and his sister were delighted at seeing me; and it was with difficulty they were prevented from rushing out of their separate cribs.

The remainder of the evening passed in that kind of interesting conversation that makes time appear to fly on rapid wings; and had not the clock, striking one, reminded us that we ought to place ourselves under the protection of Morpheus, we might have sat until Phœbus had mounted his chariot.

We were conducted to our separate apartments by the worthy rector, to whom I remarked an astonishing smell of fire: "Have you forgotten, my dear Sir, that we are in the neighbourhood of a brick-kiln?" said he, tapping me familiarly upon the back. Rendered perfectly easy by this remark, I found the scent become stronger without exciting alarm, and being exhausted by fatigue, soon fell into a slumber, or more properly expressing myself, into a profound sleep. From this insensibility to the danger by which I was surrounded, I was roused by the most terrific screams; and darting from my bed in a state of indescrib-

able horror, I was prevented from opening my door by an intensity of heat: The fatal cause of that scent which had so powerfully struck me at the moment I was retiring to my room, instantly flashed upon my imagination, and convinced me I had not a moment to lose.

I threw up the sash—but an abyss appeared below me! for the rooms were extremely lofty, and I slept upon the second floor. My existence was at stake—Reflection must have proved destruction;—and with inconceivable rapidity I threw the feather-bed upon the lawn, and tying the corners of my sheets together, dashed a poker through the upper panes of glass; then tying the extreme end of one of the sheets to the wood-work, commended myself to the protection of that Great Being, in whose hands are placed the issue of life and death!

The pocket-book which contained the papers that put me into the possession of my deceased aunt's property fortunately lay upon the table; and thrusting it into the pocket of my dressing-gown, I cautiously secured my hold, and sliding gently down the sheets, made a spring upon the feather-bed, and providentially alighted unhurt. By this time the neighbourhood was collected, forming a perfect throng round the blazing abode; in the midst of whom I distinguished the half-distracted Mrs. Hemmington imploring those around her to preserve her children, and only prevented by the exertions of her husband, from rushing into the flames!

"I will save them, or perish!" I exclaimed, seizing a ladder, which one of the neighbours was placing against that part of the dwelling where the children had been accustomed to sleep; and, throwing it across my shoulder with a degree of strength which at the present moment appears almost incredible, flew with it towards the spot where I had seen them the preceding night. The window of the apartment was unfortunately a casement, and the immense blaze of light, instead of assisting, dazzled my

sight, and I dashed my hand through five or six panes before I was able to find the handle to open it. So profound was the nurse's sleep, that though I repeatedly shook her, and vociferated, fire! in the most elevated tone, had not Benson at the critical moment entered the window by the same means which I had done, she must have fallen a victim to the devouring element; but with a presence of mind beyond that which I possessed, he snatched up a jug of cold water, and threw it into the bed.

Perceiving her roused by this judicious application, I descended the ladder with the terrified Emma in my arms, and was instantly followed by the worthy Benson, who had taken George under his protection. Fear had so completely stupified the nurse's faculties, that though apprized of her danger, she had not power to assist herself; therefore committing my precious burden to the care of some bystander, I once more ventured to ascend, though the flames began to force their way through the lower windows, and rendered the impulse of humanity doubly dangerous! Providence, in mercy, however, not only spared my existence, but permitted me to be the humble instrument of rescuing that of the stupified woman; whom I was actually compelled to force out of the window, and then conduct down the ladder.

Upon descending, I met the agonized Mrs. Hemmington, who, with the frantic gestures of a maniac, exclaimed, "Where are my dear babes? Oh, Almighty Father, preserve their existence! But, cruel monster, did you not tell me you would bring them to me safe?"

It was in vain that I assured this agonized parent, that I had fulfilled the promise I had made; for not knowing into whose care I had intrusted them, it was impossible for me to convince her they were alive. In the midst of this scene of horror, to which no language can do justice, I heard my name vociferated by a voice which issued from the consuming pile, and darting towards the spot, perceived the

worthy rector suspended from a balcony frame—at a small distance I fortunately perceived a couple of feather-beds, which had been rescued from the devouring element, and dragging one, had the good fortune to place it under him, at the very moment he was no longer able to support his weight.

The worthy Mr. Hemmington, it seems, had recollected that the title deeds of a small farm, belonging to a distant relation, had been intrusted to his care the preceding week; and knowing that the possession of the estate depended upon the security of those papers, to preserve them that venerable man actually hazarded his own life.

"Are my children safe?" he exclaimed, unmindful of his own sensations—for I was aware that he must have been dreadfully shook by the fall—I assured him they were so; his gratitude to their Great Preserver was expressed in the most affecting, and most pious terms; and to me, who had been the humble instrument of their preservation, his acknowledgments were unbounded.

At that moment I was accosted by the honest farmer to whose care I had committed Emma and her brother, who gave me the pleasing intelligence that their mother was with them; and finding that all further attempts to preserve any other article of furniture would be impracticable, I implored Mr. Hemmington to lean upon mine and the farmer's arm, whose house was situated at the other end of the church-yard—the attached wife, as we entered, uttered a shriek of extacy, and throwing herself into her fond husband's arms, exclaimed, "Blessed be God! my treasures of this world are all spared me, and every other loss I can patiently support!"—"Let us pour forth our hearts in praise to that Almighty Being, who has so miraculously preserved our existence," said the pious Mr. Hemmington, at the same time dropping upon his knees, and offering up a short ejaculation, in language more beautifully affecting than I can describe. By an impulse that seemed spontaneous, we al followed his example; even the farmer and his wife united

in prayer and praise; and I doubt not but this tribute of grateful adoration ascended like incense to the Throne of Grace.

(To be continued.)

LEWELLIN AND THE BARD;

OR,

THE SORROWS OF EDITHA.

A Cambrian Romance.

LEWELLIN, a prince descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, was possessed of every charm to captivate hearts, and conceal the errors which mistaken indulgence, and interested adulation, had given rise to, in those youthful days, when pleasure's seducing tongue leads the inexperienced mind too easily astray.* Majestic in person, elegant in manners, and liberal in disposition, Lewellin was the object of universal admiration, and the dark shades which would have obscured his character, were banished by the dazzling radiance of many princely virtues. The Loves and the Graces entwined the chaplets which adorned his brow; Taste looked up to him for instruction, and modest genius claimed his patronage. Such was Lewellin, when in the festive hall he mingled courteously among his guests, and became the soul of conviviality. It was on one of these occasions that Madoc, the bard, stepped forward and bespoke his attention to a lay, which promised to interest the heart of every hearer. Soon the bustling tumult of the crowd was hushed to silence; the frolic dance was suspended, and expectation marked every feature. Madoc swept the strings of his harp with scientific execution; the prelude

* We leave it to Chronologists to determine the dates, which may be ascertained by the subsequent events.

was wild, though melodious, and his voice faltered with contending emotions as he commenced the song, which was to describe the sorrows of the injured Editha—the strain ran thus—

" Sad is thy task, O Madoc, to sing the woes of suffering innocence; unfeeling must be the heart which bleeds not for thy distress; bereft of every hope the lovely mourner sits on yonder craggy cliff; her golden tresses floating in the air, her garments loose and unregarded, prove her disordered state, while her tear-swoln and aching eye scans that cruel ocean which separates her from her home, her kindred, and her friends. But what Sylph-like form is that which glides in silence by her side, watching each look and motion with tenderest filial love? Now they embrace; the scalding tears of anguish fall on the infant's rosy cheek; a thousand painful recollections dart across the troubled brain of Editha, who clasps the sobbing Ellinor still closer to her breast. The chilling rain falls fast around; with tottering steps she hastens to her solitary dwelling, and there—Oh fate! why dost thou persecute the innocent? another deeper pang of misery awaits her. Slain by the hostile foe, her gallant sire has breathed his last; her native land become a scene of desolation, affords her now no hope of solace or protection, while her licentious lord, far distant, heedless of her woes, revels in luxury and joy.—

" Hold, presumptuous bard!" cried Lewellin: " thy theme displeases me; thy well-varnished tale may catch the ear, and sounding fiction easily mislead the sense. No more of this." Madoc bowed in silence; his proud heart swelled indignantly, and, quitting the hall sorrowfully, retraced his footsteps to the castle, where, wrapped in speechless woe, fair Editha awaited his return.

The ill success of his mission was stamped upon his furrowed features. " Alas !" exclaimed the wretched princess, " no hope remains for me; Lewellin's heart is steeled against me, and death alone can terminate my misery: yet ere I die I will unfold to you, my aged friend, each ac-

tion of my life, and if in any, you perceive I have transgressed against Heaven's mandates, or the social duties which man owes to man, reprove me, and implore forgiveness of the power I have offended.—The only child of the brave Hubert, was in her infant days reared with such tender care, that sanguine fancy pictured life a scene of varying rapture; domestic pleasure ever before my eyes, filled my young breast with sweet anticipation, and rapturously I hailed the hour when first Lewellin, mingling in the crowd of my admirers, sought my hand. To see, and not to love him was impossible; fame spoke loudly in his favour, and his insinuating graces soon confirmed the partial prepossession. With tenderest assiduity he strove to dissipate those timid fears which made me shrink reluctant from ties which must for ever separate me from my doating parents; but in such tender accents did Lewellin urge his suit, and paint his native land in such alluring colours, that novelty augmented every charm, and love became triumphant. Short was the dream of bliss; coldness succeeded to possession; entangled in the chains of a bewitching Siren, Lewellin was a willing captive; unable to dissemble, and generous even in injustice, Lewellin owned to me this fatal preference. My vehement remonstrances excited his aversion; alike disgusted by my tears or my caresses, he left me to bewail in solitude my wretched fate." Editha, subdued by the most painful emotions, was unable to proceed, and Madoc, fearful of renewing the subject, urged her to retire.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

PHILIP of Macedon, after he had, by destroying the liberties of Greece, raised himself to the sovereignty of that country, afraid lest he might forget his condition of mortality, caused a page to awaken him every morning, with these remarkable words: "*Philip, remember thou art mortal!*"

THE DESERTED WIFE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MUSEUM.

THE following pathetic letter, from a deserted wife in America, to a faithless husband, seems deserving of being better known; it does honour to the writer, who appears to have been worthy of better treatment.

Edinburgh, Aug. 11, 1808. I am, &c. J. F.

" MY DEAR HUSBAND,

" I, who had expected your return from Europe with painful anxiety—who had counted the slow hours which parted you from me—think how I was shocked at hearing you would return no more, and that you had settled with a mistress in a distant state. It was for your sake that I lamented. You went against my earnest entreaties; but it was with a desire which I thought sincere, to provide a genteel maintenance for your little ones, whom you said you could not bear to see brought up in the evils of poverty. I might now lament the disappointment, in not sharing the riches which I hear you have amassed, but I scorn it. What are riches compared to the delight of sincere affection? I deplore the loss of your love—I deplore the frailty which has involved you in error, and will, I am sure, as such mistaken conduct must, terminate in misery. But I mean not to remonstrate. It is, alas! too late: I only write to acquaint you with the health and some other circumstances of myself and those little ones, whom you once loved.

" The house you left us in could not be supported without an expence, which the little sum you left behind could not long supply. I have relinquished it, and have retired to a neat little cottage, thirty miles from town. We make no pretensions to elegance; but we live in great neatness, and, by strict economy, supply our moderate wants with as

much comfort as our desolate situation will allow. Your presence, my love, would make the little cottage a palace.

" Poor Emily, who has grown a fine girl, has been working a pair of ruffles for you; and, as she sits by my side, often repeats with a sigh, " When will my dear papa return?" The others are constantly asking me the same question; and little Henry, as soon as he began to talk, learned to lisp, in the first syllables he ever uttered, " When will papa come home?" Sweet fellow! he is now sitting on his stool at my side, and, as he sees me drop a tear, asks me why I weep, for papa will come home soon. He and his two brothers are frequently riding on your walking cane, and take particular delight in it, because it is papa's.

" I do assure you, I never open my lips to them on the cause of your absence. But I cannot prevail upon myself to bid them cease to ask when you will return; though the question frequently extorts a tear, (which I hide in a smile) and wrings my soul, while I suffer in silence. I have taught them to mention you, with the greatest ardour of affection, in their morning and evening prayers; and they always add of themselves a petition for your speedy return.

" I spend my time in giving them the little instruction I am able. I cannot afford to place them at an eminent school, and do not chuse that they should acquire meanness and vulgarity at a low one. As to English, they read alternately, three hours every morning, the most celebrated poets and prose writers; and they can write, though not an elegant, yet a very plain and legible hand.

" Do not, my dear, imagine that the employment is irksome. It affords me a sweet consolation in your absence. Indeed, if it were not for the little ones, I am afraid I should not support it. I think it will be a satisfaction to you to hear, that, by retrenching our wants and expences, we are enabled to pay for every thing we buy; and though poor, we are not unhappy from the want of any necessary.

"Pardon my interrupting you. I mean to give you satisfaction. Though I am deeply injured by your error, I am not resentful. I wish you all the happiness you are capable of, and am your once loved, and still affectionate,

"EMILIA."

HISTORY OF BIANCA CAPELLO.

From Mrs. Pilkington's Memoirs of Celebrated Women.

BIANCA CAPELLO was a Venetian by birth, and descended from the noble house of Capello. To the most exquisite charms of person in this young lady, was united a mind formed by nature for executing the most consummate plans of intrigue; and though the unmarried ladies of high birth at Venice are closely confined within the bosoms of their family, Bianca contrived to form an attachment to a young merchant, by birth a Florentine. Through the assistance of a domestic, he had made her acquainted with his passion, and had deceived her, by pretending that he was of noble birth; and she was so completely captivated by the personal attractions of her lover, that few persuasions were necessary to induce her to elope with him. Before they arrived at Florence, Pietro Buonaventure found it would be necessary to disclose the deceit he had practised, to induce her to become his wife; and though her pride might have been wounded by bestowing her hand upon a merchant, yet Bianca had gone too far to be able to recede. Not only the whole family of the Capello felt themselves disgraced by this alliance, but the senate took cognizance of the affair; the young couple were exiled as outlaws of Venice, and those were punished with death who had been accessary to their flight. An immense reward was offered for the apprehending their persons, and Bianca was compelled to remain a close prisoner in her father-in-law's house. Notwithstanding which, it is said, that Francesco, son of the reigning Duke of Tuscany, was struck with her charms, as she stood at the window to see

him go to church. The protection of this prince Bianca had previously determined to solicit, and, by one of those stratagems so frequently resorted to by lovers, Francisco contrived to get introduced; when the persecuted fair one found little difficulty in obtaining a powerful advocate in her cause. At the commencement of their acquaintance, Francesco had just been invested by his father with the greater part of the ducal power, as age and infirmity rendered him unable to sustain the burden of public affairs; a treaty of marriage was likewise on foot between him and Donna Joanna of Austria, sister to the reigning emperor, which it was impossible to break through; and, until it was completed, the duke thought it prudent to conceal his attachment to Bianca; but very soon afterwards it was publicly known. The husband of Bianca was appointed to the office of chamberlain, and as he connived at his wife's infidelities, thought himself authorized to indulge his own; but he conducted himself with so little prudence and propriety, that the friends of Bianca were determined on his destruction. Previous to the death of Pietro Buonaventure, Bianco obtained an entire ascendancy over the susceptible heart of the duke, and he gave her a solemn promise of marriage, whenever their present connexions should be dissolved: his attachment seemed to increase after she became a widow, yet he frequently expressed chagrin at not having a son; and as, from the dissipated life Bianca led, there was little probability of his wish being gratified, she determined to let him imagine it was accomplished, by counterfeiting pregnancy. Bianca found but little difficulty in obtaining agents to aid the plan, who easily contrived to get acquainted with the wives of several peasants, who were with child; and so completely did this artful female act the part of a woman in that situation, that not the slightest suspicion entered the duke's mind. Having been informed that a young woman in the neighbourhood had given birth to a lovely boy, she affected to feel all the agonies which females are destined to suffer at those critical times; the duke, tortured

with apprehension for the life of his favourite, could scarcely be persuaded to leave the room, but at length, worn out with anxiety and watching, he was induced to retire to his couch. The child had been previously conveyed to the palace, and as none but those in the secret were admitted into the room, it was easily introduced to its supposed mother's presence, and presented as a new-born son to the duke, whose joy upon the occasion may be imagined, though it would be difficult for language to describe it.

This piece of deception was followed by a most atrocious act of cruelty: for those who had aided the imposture were decreed to lose their lives; notwithstanding which, the hand of heaven so ordained it, that one of the principal performers miraculously escaped. After the birth of the child, whom the duke named Antonio, his passion for the supposed mother daily increased, and indifference towards the duchess was converted into hatred, whose disposition was by no means calculated to conciliate tenderness or esteem. At length, his total neglect of the duchess, and the increasing power of his favourite, excited the indignation of the people, and the resentment of his friends: the duke even began to dread an insurrection, and it was thought absolutely necessary that Bianca should retire from court. During a separation, which political motives rendered necessary, by the most affectionate epistles she contrived to retain her place in his heart; and, unable to sustain the misery of absence, the fascinating favourite, in spite of prudence, was recalled. The Emperor Maximilian, exasperated at the indifference with which his sister was treated, determined to avenge her cause; but the death of the duchess, fortunately, prevented the country from being involved in the miseries of war. Previous to this event, she had presented Francesco with a lawful heir to his dominions; a circumstance which gave Bianca the greatest concern, yet, as she felt persuaded that the duke would

fulfil his promise to her, she flattered herself he would legitimize his first-born.

The most powerful objections were raised against this marriage, and Bianca began to fear that her enemies would prevail; when the duke was seized with a dangerous disorder, which threatened to put a period to his life; then it was, that her care combined gratitude with tenderness. She watched him with unremitting solicitude day and night; and, as a return for all her attention, he publicly proclaimed his resolution of immediately making Bianca his wife; the nuptials were celebrated with the utmost magnificence, and the aspiring duchess publicly crowned. The Doge of Venice sent ambassadors to officiate at the ceremony, and high honours were conferred upon her, as if she had been a princess of the blood. Notwithstanding this outward appearance of rejoicing, the duke's union with Bianca excited the resentment of the different states, and a variety of unjust reports were circulated, to injure her in the opinion of her most attached friends. Jealousies broke out between Francesco and his brothers, which different parties, from interested motives, endeavoured to ferment; yet, by the judicious interference of the archduchess, their designs were defeated: and if the brothers were enemies in their hearts, they were outwardly friends.

After the death of the young prince by the sister of Maximilian, the duke, in opposition to the advice of his ablest counsellors, legitimized Antonio's birth, gave him the title of prince of Capestrano, and ordered that he should be attended by guards. The circumstances attending his birth had been made public by the female who had so miraculously preserved her life, and this conduct rendered his adopted father more unpopular, and sowed the seeds of dissension and strife. It has before been observed, that, by the interference of Bianca, the unhappy differences between the brothers had been totally laid aside; and, in October 1587, Cardinal Ferdinando determined to pay a

visit to the duke and duchess, and perfect harmony on all sides prevailed. The most flattering attentions were paid him by his sister-in-law; but, a few days after his arrival, the duke was taken ill, and not believing his disorder to be dangerous, he would not comply with his physician's advice. The malady increased with rapid violence, and in a few hours the duchess was seized with symptoms of the same complaint, and she only outlived the object of her affection eighteen or twenty hours.

Upon the death of the duke, the cardinal took possession of his territories, and ordered that the body of Bianca should not be buried by the side of her lord; forgetting the offices of kindness he had received from her, and displaying that hatred which had long rancored in his heart.—Some authors are of opinion that their death was not natural; whilst others assert, that they died of an epidemical complaint. It has been asserted, that the archduchess had ordered poison to be administered to the cardinal in a tart, which he refusing to partake of, the duke had resolved to eat, and that Bianca, aware of the effect it would produce upon her husband, determined to participate in his fate. All, however, agree in the opinion of her having possessed uncommon powers of mind, and that her penetration and discernment were scarcely to be equalled; although in many instances they were badly applied.

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. IX.

An Authentic Narrative of the Causes which led to the Death of Major André. By Joshua Hett Smith, Esq. Mathews and Leigh, Strand.

WITH enthusiastic approbation we have perused a volume, which recalls to our mind an event which once interested a nation, and which must, even at this remote period, awaken the tenderest sensibilities of a feeling

mind. Mr. Smith, to vindicate himself from an aspersion of the blackest dye, that of having "betrayed the lamented hero into the hands of his enemies," has undertaken to give an authentic narrative of the circumstances which led to that regretted event—a task in which he has acquitted himself with perspicuity, elegance, and generous candour. A perusal of this work, while it awakens the tenderest sympathies in the gentle breast, cannot fail to rouse and animate a manly spirit in Britain's defenders; and the meed of praise must be awarded to the talents of him who thus ably exerts himself in the cause of truth and of humanity. In addition to the facts already alluded to, and which, unlike other historical narratives, does not tire on repetition, this valuable volume is embellished, if we may use the expression, by the addition of a most pathetic monody, from the pen of that justly-admired authoress, Miss Seward—a poem, of which the beauties can scarcely be described—and some elegant letters, from the brave and accomplished youth, who fell an early victim to national policy and party malice.

Agreeably to our plan, we subjoin an extract from the work; but the whole is so well connected and interesting, that it is scarcely in our power to select any passage which will admit of separation from the other parts of the work. A highly-finished portrait of Major André, a superb engraving of the monument in Westminster Abbey, and a Map, enhance the value of the publication.

* * * * *

"From the 25th of September, the day of the appointment of the board of officers by General Washington, to the 5th of October, was passed in the transmission of flags on this unhappy subject, during which time Major André composed his mind with philosophic, or rather with Christian fortitude, preparing for whatever might be the event of the negociation which he understood was making in his behalf; but he was at length informed that the die was cast, and his destiny irretrievable, conformably to the

usage of war, annexed to his sentence. He then wrote to his most worthy friend and patron, Sir Henry Clinton, in language no pen could surpass; and also a letter to General Washington, replete with all the dignified sentiment of a man of honour, and with all the pathos of a man of the finest feelings, earnestly requesting that he might die as a soldier, and not as a malefactor; to which, however, no reply was made. The following is the letter alluded to:—

"SIR, *Tappan, Oct.* 1, 1780.

"Buoyed above the terror of death, by the conciousness of a life devoted to honourable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your excellency, at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected.—Sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your excellency, and a military tribunal, to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour. Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me—if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy, and not of resentment—I shall experience the operations of these feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to *die on a gibbet.*

"I have the honour to be

"Your excellency's most obedient,

"And most humble servant,

"JOHN ANDRE."

This letter, however, was not answered; but the general consulted the board of officers on the subject. Overcome with remorse and sorrow, mingled with esteem, they were all for granting this request; until General Greene insisted that his crime was that of a common spy, and that the service and good of the American cause required the most exemplary punishment. This he urged with such vehemence, as induced a compliance in the rest; "for," said he,

" if he is shot, mankind will think there are circumstances in his case which intitled him to notice and indulgence."

" At length the awful period arrived; and, on the morning of the 2d of October, this unhappy victim of the errors of others, was led out to the place of execution. As he passed along, the American army were astonished at the dignity of his deportment and the manly firmness and complacency of countenance, which spoke the serene composure of his mind; a glow of sympathy pervaded the breasts of the soldiers, and the tears of sensibility were visible in every eye. He bowed himself with a smile to all he knew in his confinement. When he approached the fatal spot, and beheld the preparations, he stopped and paused, as if absorbed in reflection, then quickly turning to the officer next him, he said, " What, *must* I die in *this manner?*" Being told it was so ordered, he instantly said, " I am reconciled, and submit to my fate, but deplore the mode; it will be but a momentary pang." And with a calmness, that while it excited the admiration melted the heart of every spectator, performed the last offices to himself. He then requested that all around him would bear witness to the world—" That he died like a brave man !"—He perished universally esteemed and lamented; indeed, a general sorrow at his fate pervaded all ranks of people throughout the continent of America."

The rest of the narrative contains a recital of the sufferings of his companion in adversity, Mr. Smith, who relates the persecutions he underwent, and the hardships he suffered, in his endeavours to escape, in a manner equally unaffected and interesting.

The Siller Gun. A Poem. By John Mayne, of Glasgow. Richardson, Royal Exchange.

This is an ingenious and pleasing little poem, descriptive of an ancient custom in Dumfries, called " Shooting for the Siller Gun," on which occasion a festival is held, which

assembles together all the jovial spirits of the county.—Various pranks and gambols are related, which serve to enliven the subject, and the characters introduced are persons formerly well known in that place. The poem abounds with good-humoured pleasantries, and the notes are particularly interesting. As a specimen of the versification, we have selected the following: —

" But wha's he lilting * in the rear
Sae saft, sae tuneful, and sae clear?
'Tis Dingwall, to the muses dear,
Whose modest merit
Was sae repressed for want o' gear†,
Care crush'd his spirit!

Oft when the waits ‡ were playing by,
I've marked his viol with a sigh,
Soothing lorn lovers where they lie,
To visions sweet,
Soft as a mither's § lullaby,
When babies greet ‖.

" *The bonny Buss aboon Traquair,*"
And " *Mary Scott of Yarrow fair,*"
" *Tweedside,*" and " *O! I wish I were*
Where Helen lies!"
He played in tones that suit despair,
When beauty dies."

In a note on this subject, we are informed that John Dingwall was of the first order of the border minstrels. In the tender and pathetic melodies of Caledonia he was without a rival on the violin. Ball music, however, was what he professed. He had a fine taste also for drawing, which, with music, he taught in a number of genteel families in

* Playing. † Wealth.
‡ Evening music, usually played on particular festivals.
§ Mother. ‖ Cry.

Dumfries. But, what is often the misfortune of genius, he wanted confidence in his own abilities. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that John Dingwall lived and died in very narrow circumstances.

In another note, we have the following account of that well known place, Johnny Groat's house. "The family of the Groats were of Dutch extraction. Three brothers of that name, Malcolm, Gavin, and John, went from the south of Holland to Caithness, carrying with them a recommendatory letter from James IV. By what means they acquired the property, it is impossible now to determine, but the fact is certain, that these three brothers became proprietors of two considerable estates in that country. The property came afterwards to be divided among eight individuals, all descendants of the same family. At an annual meeting, which these eight chieftains were in the habit of holding, a violent dispute arose, which should first take the door, and which should sit at the top of the table. This dispute would most probably have terminated in blood, had not John de Groat, who was the proprietor of the ferry, interposed, and pledged himself to settle the controversy to the satisfaction of all parties. Before the next anniversary returned, John built a room in the form of an octagon, with eight doors and eight windows; he placed also in the middle an oaken table of the same figure. When the day of meeting arrived, John desired each to enter at his own door, and sit at the top of the table; and, when they were all seated, John took possession of the empty place. Finding thus no room for jealousy or envy, they spent the day in harmony and mirth, and parted with sentiments of mutual affection. The building was afterwards called John o'Groat's house; and, though not a vestige of it remains, the place where it once stood still retains the same name.

Mr. Mayne is also the author of the poem of "Glasgow," which we have not seen; but, from the style and humour of the "Siller Gun," we are inclined to judge favourably of it.

The Citizen's Daughter. By a Lady. Vernor and Hood, Poultry.

We can recommend this little volume, as containing none of those dazzling sophisms which, under the alluring name of sentiment, mislead so many youthful and inexperienced minds. The heroine is a female, who, though moving in the middle rank of life, and unendowed with extraordinary beauty, or brilliant talents, conducts herself with undeviating propriety, through many arduous trials to a heart of sensibility. Deceived in love, betrayed by friendship, and suffering under the unmerited ill treatment of those to whom she looked for support and protection, she, nevertheless, rises triumphant above their malice, and, by firm perseverance in the paths of virtue, is ultimately rewarded with happiness, rank, and affluence.

EXTRACT.—CHAP. XIV. PAGE 209.

"When Lord Morden was enabled to bear conversation, he requested to see her. She went to him, but her look and manner was considerably changed. He was supported by cushions on a sofa, and, when she was seated, thus addressed her:—"I suppose, Lady Morden, you are prepared for the separation that must now unavoidably take place?"—"Separation, my lord!" asked Marianne, greatly surprised, "is it possible you can meditate such a measure?"—"Unquestionably I do," returned his lordship, sighing. Then, after a pause, "Guilty or innocent, Marianne, it is impossible, after a cool investigation of your conduct, to exculpate you without some degree of reprehension; from my soul I forgive what has passed; and shall only take such steps as are necessary for the vindication of my honour, without materially injuring you."—"It is just, my lord," replied Marianne, choaking with grief and chagrin, "that you should now sacrifice to appearance; and, judging by the conviction of your own misconduct, openly punish even the appearance of it in others." Lord Mor-

den's cheeks coloured: he looked angry; and he returned —"Your ladyship must be persuaded, that an investigation of my conduct, on your side, is as insulting as absurd; however, I sent for you not to quarrel; indeed, the weak state I am in renders any altercation highly improper. I shall leave town as soon as I can possibly bear the fatigue; I have a pleasant seat near Chelsea, it is well furnished, and I think a retirement there would be the most prudent thing you could do; you may take the child, and the rearing of her will afford you amusement. When my daughter is of a proper age to receive education, I will take care she shall not be neglected." This cool and deliberate manner of parting from her, cut Marianne to the soul; yet she bowed her head in silent acquiescence, nor uttered a word. His lordship then rose, and advancing towards her, took her hand; his voice faltered—"Believe me, Marianne, this proceeding on my side is as unpremeditated as unwished for; support yourself with a becoming fortitude, and depend upon it, nothing but the strictest adherence to propriety on your side, and silent submission from your friends, can ever effect our reunion; yet it is an event that may take place in the course of time, though I own, to my view, it appears far distant; however, you may be assured of my being neither a severe nor an implacable judge." He pressed her hand cordially, and motioned for her to retire. While he was speaking, she exerted herself to appear composed, and, when he ceased, she expressed her wishes for his health and happiness with a steady articulate voice, nor gave way in the slightest degree to her emotion, till she reached her own room: then throwing herself on a chair, she burst into tears. "Yes, Lord Morden," said she, mentally, "This has *separated us for ever;* this injustice has lost you my heart. I may have erred through want of experience, but heaven knows I have never cherished a criminal idea."

JEALOUSY; OR, HARM WATCH, HARM CATCH.

A DRAMA.

CHARACTERS.

DON JEROME, a Spanish Grandee.
DON MIGUEL, a licentious Nobleman, in pursuit of Isabella, or Floretta.
CAPTAIN HARLEY, an English Officer, in love with Floretta.

DONNA ISABELLA, Don Jerome's young Wife.
FLORETTA, his Daughter, by a former Marriage.
AGNES, a confidential Servant.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Don Jerome and Isabella.

Don. Jer.—It is to no purpose you intreat me. I tell you my resolution is fixed; Floretta shall away to a nunnery before to-morrow's sun sets. Her levity draws such crowds of young men about us, that I cannot determine whether half of them are not your lovers.

Isa.—Your suspicions are ungenerous, Sir; I have never given you any cause to suspect my honour, or fidelity.

Don Jer.—Honour, or fidelity! Do you imagine that is all I look for in a wife; you are mistaken; I expect love, tenderness—sympathy.

Isa. (aside.)—Would to heaven you would merit it then! —Sir, I gave my hand to you, in compliance with the command of a parent I never disobeyed. If my heart was not surrendered at the same time, it remained for you to have conquered it by delicacy and attention—harshness and opprobrious sarcasms will never answer your purpose with me.

Don Jer.—Well, my love, perhaps I am too hasty; attribute it all to my excessive regard; and when Floretta is removed, you will find my behaviour towards you very different.—But here comes Floretta, do you prepare her for

what she has to expect. Now, mind, I will have no scheming to counteract my authority.

Enter Floretta, singing.

Bless me, my dear mamma, how melancholy you look; I hope you have not had any more words upon my account.

Don Jer.—Our cause of contention will soon be at an end. This evening, or to-morrow, father Anselm will come and take you with him to the convent.

Flo. (starting.)—This evening! Something must be done to prevent that. Dear Sir, why are you so precipitate; allow me but a few days longer to——

Don Jer.—To find some method of escaping, ay Miss; no, no, my resolution is taken, therefore submit with the obedience of a dutiful child. [*Exit.*

Flo.—Oh, madam, this cruel intelligence has quite overpowered me. See, I have just received a letter from Harley; he will be here this evening; should he not arrive till it is too late, I shall be the most unfortunate of women. You know how amiable he is, and cannot wonder at my attachment; even in my father's eyes his only fault is being a heretic; but that, with him, is a greater crime than any in the calendar.

Isa.—This is a subject on which I dare not give my opinion, Floretta. I am sorry that my husband is so positive, but you know, my dear Floretta, I can assist you only with my good wishes. [*Exit.*

Flo.—Poor woman, she has a dismal time of it; and my father would either make me the slave of an old man's caprices, or bury me in a nunnery.

Enter Agnes.

You are come in time, my good girl; you must contrive some means to let Harley know that I am to be sent to a convent to-night; if it is in his power, entreat him to save me from such a dreaded situation.

Agnes.—To a nunnery! I never heard of such cruelty, when you may become a respectable wife, and a tender mo-

ther.—Oh no, that you shall not, if Agnes can prevent it; let me see, how can we contrive it? Do you know how you are to go?

Flo.—I believe father Anselm is to come for me; for Don Jerome would be afraid to trust his young wife alone, while he would be taking me to the convent.

Agnes.—I have it, Madam: do you write a little note, requesting the captain to put on the dress of the friar; and when I let him in I will give him all the necessary instructions.

Flo.—An excellent scheme! but how will you convey the letter to him?

Agnes.—My brother is now below; he is a discreet lad, and I can trust him.

Flo.—Be careful, I conjure you; I will go and get the letter ready.

Agnes.—Do so, Madam. [*Exit Floretta.*

Aye, aye, I have tricked my young lady nicely. She has read a pack of nonsense about the fidelity and disinterestedness of servants; but shew me the girl who is proof against a purse of gold. For her part I believe she cares very little who she elopes with, so she escapes from a nunnery; and for my own part, I think Don Miguel a much finer man, and I am sure he is a liberal one. Besides, if she marries Harley, they will be off for England; but if, by my contrivance, I can throw her into the arms of Don Miguel, my fortune is made, and old Jerome may turn me out of place when he pleases.

Enter Floretta, with a letter.

There Agnes—your zeal to serve me merits my warmest gratitude—be discreet—be faithful. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The outside of the Garden-wall, which incloses Don Jerome's House.—Moonlight.

Enter Captain Harley, looking at his Watch.

I am an hour before the time I appointed, but love is

ever restless and impatient. Perhaps Floretta is too closely confined to see me; and even now I have proceeded so far, I may not be able to accomplish my errand.

The Garden-gate opens, and Don Jerome appears with a Lanthorn.—Harley conceals himself.

Don J.—So I have managed this well—mighty well—vastly well! The old friar will soon be here, and then I shall get rid of my troublesome daughter. It was a good thought to send her away privately, and under cover of the night; who knows but that desperate young Englishman might attempt to rescue her? Once locked up in a convent, she is safe. Now let me reconnoitre, and see all right.

[*Exit.*

Harley.—What do I hear? Floretta to be confined in a nunnery! I am almost distracted—something must be done, and speedily too, or all will be lost. Some one approaches; I must retreat, or I shall be discovered. [*Exit.*

(To be continued.)

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

NO. III.

FOR THE CRAMP IN THE STOMACH.

TWO teaspoonfuls of hartshorn, mixed in hot water, should be taken, and flannel soaked in hot spirits applied to the pit of the stomach; if that does not give almost immediate relief, eighty or ninety drops of laudanum may be swallowed.

BOILS.

These troublesome sores, which frequently make their appearance in the most healthy person, should on no account be dried up too hastily. A poultice of bread and milk, or, if the situation of the part affected will not admit of it, a plaster made with flour and honey, worked to an oint-

ment, may be applied; as soon as the boil breaks, a bit of basilicon on a piece of rag, will speedily heal it.

FOR THE HEART-BURN.

Magnesia and rhubarb, prepared chalk, or Peruvian bark, one teaspoonfull in a glass of water, with about five drops of elixir of vitriol, will yield speedy relief.

CRAMPS, OR RHUEMATIC PAINS.

Opiates and applications of laudanum, or ether, to the affected parts.

SORE, OR WEAK EYES.

Take two ounces of rose-water, in which is infused four drops of aciduled litharge water, and a grain or two of white vitriol. With this bathe the eyes morning and night.

TO KILL WORMS.

Take of tin reduced to a fine powder one ounce, Ethiop's mineral two drachms, mix them well together, and divide the whole into six doses; one of which is to be taken twice a day, in a little syrup or treacle. A dose of senna tea may be also taken every other day, in mild weather.

WARTS

May be cured by rubbing them with the juice of a common garden slug, cut in two.

FOR SEVERE RHEUMATIC PAINS.

Take of the volatile tincture of guiacum and honey, each two drachms, mix them in a mortar, and add two ounces of peppermint-water. By degrees this draught may be

taken twice a day; and from fifteen to thirty drops of laudanum may be added to the night dose.

METHOD OF PREPARING DECOCTION OF BARK.

Take of powder of Peruvian bark two ounces, water three pints, boil it down to two pints, and strain it for use.

GARGLE FOR A SORE THROAT.

Rose leaves two drachms, boiling water half a pint; when cold add elixir of vitriol, enough to give it an agreeable sharpness.

A CLEANSING GARGLE.

Decoction of bark six ounces, tincture of myrrh and honey of roses each one ounce. A small quantity will suffice.

TO REMOVE PIMPLES AND ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN.

Dissolve a small piece of fuller's earth in vinegar, and wash the face with it at night.

Or boil two ounces of quicksilver in a quart of spring water, and use the lotion occasionally.

TO MAKE THE HAIR GROW.

Wash the head all over with a strong decoction of boxwood, and dry it with flannel. Care must be taken that it does not touch any other part, as it may cause hair to grow on the face and neck.

GENERAL RULES FOR DYING ALL COLOURS.

Having cleansed the substance to be dyed as well as possible, dissolve about two ounces of sugar of lead in a gallon of water, or in proportion to the largeness of your linen,

&c. which must be steeped twenty-four hours in this preparation; then take it out, and, without wringing, hang it to dry, but without sun or fire. Having prepared your coloured decoction, put your cloth or silk into it, and let it remain in a moderate warmth till it seems thoroughly and equally coloured; for which purpose it must be frequently rolled and shifted. After the dying is completed, rince it in cold water, and squeeze it gently, then hang it up to dry as before.

Solution of tin in the vitriolic acid will produce all degrees of red, from the palest pink to the brightest crimson and scarlet.

With this preparation you may dye all colours, blue and green excepted. After being prepared with the solution of tin, &c. the cloth, if boiled with cochineal, will come out scarlet; with turmerick, yellow; annatto, nankeen colour; brazil-wood, crimson; and logwood, purple.

GREEN.

The cloth must be first dyed with yellow, then with indigo, and, lastly, with sap green. For blue and green, the preparation of tin and vitriolic acid may be omitted.

A solution of sugar of lead in water may be kept ready in bottles, which affords a most excellent cleanser for chintz, or beautiful coloured linen, mixed with the water in which they are to be washed; as it will fix the most delicate colours. This may be also used to clean carpets, velvet, silk, or ribbons; but the bottles should be carefully sealed, to guard against accidents, as the water thus prepared is strong poison.

ORIGIN OF THE INVENTION OF TAFFETY.

"OCTAVIO MAY, of Lyons, is held the first author of the manufacture of glossy taffeties, and tradition tells us the occasion of it. Octavio, it seems, going backward in the world, and not able to retrieve himself by the manufacture of taffeties, such as were then made, was one day musing on his misfortunes, and in musing chanced to chew a few hairs of silk which he had in his mouth. His reverie being over, the silk he spit out seemed to shine, and on that account engaged his attention. He was soon led to reflect on the reason, and, after a good deal of thought, concluded that the lustre of the silk must proceed—first, from his having pressed it between his teeth; secondly, from his having wetted it with his saliva; and, thirdly, from its having been heated by the natural warmth of his mouth. All these conclusions he arranged into a regular process, which he executed upon the next taffeties he made, and hence soon acquired immense riches to himself, and to the city of Lyons the reputation it has long maintained, of giving a gloss to taffeties, better than any other city in the world." Thus may the active and ingenious mind ever find resources, even in moments of temporary despair. All the wonders of art owe their origin to equally trivial circumstances; and nature is ever bountiful to those who seek after her truths, and exert themselves to obtain the means of an honest subsistence.

THE GARDENS OF THE THUILERIES.

THIS beautiful spot was originally a place where bricks and tiles were made. Tuilerie, in French, signifying a large building with a drying place, furnished with apertures, through which the wind has admittance, to dry the tiles.—The Garden of the Louvre was thence called the Thuileries: a magnificent palace was afterwards begun

there, in 1564, by Catherine de Medicis, wife of Henry II. it was finished by Henry IV. and was magnificently adorned by Louis XIV. Since which period it became a place of public and fashionable resort for the inhabitants of Paris.

CONJUGAL DELIGHT.

"NEVER shall I forget the first interview between us after the birth of our first child; the effusion of soul with which we met each other, after all danger seemed to have subsided, the kindness which animated us, increased as it was by ideas of peril and suffering; the sacred sensation with which the mother presented her infant to her husband; or the complacency with which we read in each others eyes a common sentiment of melting tenderness and inviolable attachment.

"Let other lovers testify their engagements by presents and tokens, we record and stamp our attachment in this precious creature—a creature susceptible of pleasure and pain, of affection and love, of sentiment and fancy, of wisdom and virtue. This creature will daily stand in need of aid, we shall delight to afford it; will require our meditations and exertions to forward its improvement, and confirm its worth; and our union, confirmed by this common object of our labour and affection, will every day become more sacred and indissoluble. The possessing a third object is far from weakening the regard of such a couple for each other; it does not separate or divert them; it is a new link of connection, each is attached to it the more for the sake of either; each regards it as a branch, or scion, representing the parent; each rejoices in its health, its smiles, its increase in size, in strength, and in faculties, principally from the idea of the gratification it will communicate to the other."

GODWIN.

RETRIBUTION.

PHALARIS was a native of Asty Palaca, a city of Crete; when very young, having made an unsuccessful attempt to usurp the government, he was banished. He retired to Agrigentum, in Sicily, and soon made himself beloved by all the inhabitants; having an immoderate share of ambition, and being resolved to be the first man in whatever country he lived, he persuaded the Agrigentums to make him the overseer of the public buildings. In this post he hired a number of mercenaries and workmen, all sturdy fellows, who depended upon him for bread; at the head of these, armed most of them with axes and other tools, he fell upon the people of Agrigentum, and having killed such citizens as he chiefly feared would oppose him, usurped the government, and reigned twenty-eight years. Amongst the people, however, such murmurs arose, as made him daily fear the loss of his newly acquired power, and his ingenuity was incessantly at work to invent new tortures for the conspirators. Perillus, the Athenian statuary, appeared at court, and offered to produce a most exquisitely contrived machine, on condition that his reward should be as great and unprecedented as his invention was novel and effectual. This was no other than a brazen bull, hollow inside, with a space to contain a fire, which being kindled, the unhappy immolated wretch would be slowly broiled to death. Phalaris, struck with astonishment at a torture so maliciously contrived, gave orders that the fire should be lighted for the first victim; when, to the gratification and surprise of the people, the base Perillas was condemned to be consumed in his own work.

FRAGMENTS OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

DEBATES FOR THE LADIES.

QUERY.—Which is placed in the most unpleasant situation,—The man who marries a second wife, with the children of the first grown up—the woman married under such circumstances—or the children who are thus supplanted in their father's affection?

MR. MEANWELL.

IN discussing this interesting question, it is necessary, in the first place, to fix a determinate age for the parties concerned, especially the children, who must be more or less affected, according to that circumstance; if they are of very tender years, it is probable that a father's second choice may prove advantageous to them, as a woman of a good disposition and refined manners, may have the power to act by them with a degree of steady and judicious conduct, in a manner more to their benefit, than the partial indulgence of their natural parent might permit. In this case, it is ten to one but the mother-in-law has the most unpleasant situation. Blind to the foibles of his own offspring, and perhaps tenderly attached to the memory of his former wife, the husband thinks her correction of their little foibles too severe, and mixed with a certain indefinable sensation of jealousy—the children too, perceiving the bent of their father's idea, repay her solicitous cares with discontent or obstinacy; they conceive that she exercises her prerogative unjustly, and, from the illiberal opinions generally entertained against step-mothers, suspect her of a greater portion of malice and ill-will towards them than her conduct merits. It is these mistaken notions which create the unhappy divisions in families, and render the situation of a mother-in-law the most irksome to a woman of feeling.

MR. CAVIL.

The arguments just advanced by our friend Meanwell, have certainly truth to recommend them; but I am, nevertheless, inclined to believe, that there are more instances of misconduct on the woman's side than he seems willing to allow. For my own part, I have had frequent opportunities of observing, that the man who marries a second time, having already a young family, is likely to repent of his imprudence. The wife, if old, is unwilling to be burthened with the charge of another woman's children, especially if she never knew herself the tender feelings of maternal love; she makes no allowance for the faults of youth—they interrupt her domestic occupations, and she cannot but behold, with a degree of envy, their father's affection for them—he is therefore incessantly tormented with complaints of their indiscretion, rudeness, or carelessness.—Her temper is perhaps avaricious, and, consequently, the expences of their education and maintenance is considered as a diminution of her property; she conceives that they do not treat her with sufficient respect, and, if the father interferes, his children consider his affection alienated from them; and hatred against the woman who has thus robbed them of a parent's indulgence, insensibly gives rise to a thousand petty disturbances. If the mother-in-law happens to be young, the case is still worse; a second family is likely to spring up, and their little patrimony is wasted by these additional claimants. Endless strife and cavillings ensue between the children, each jealous of a parent's regard, and each considering the other as one in the way. What must be the feelings of a father under such circumstances? His life is a scene of perpetual irritation and anxiety, and it cannot be doubted but he is infinitely the most to be pitied in the family.

MR. PLACID.

Before I express my opinion on either side, I will venture to lay the case down in a different light. I will sup-

pose the children to have attained the age of discretion before their father makes a second choice—I will imagine them living in competence and harmony together, tenderly attached to their father, and equally so to the memory of their mother—yet, on a sudden, the scene is changed, a new member is introduced—let her be endowed with various amiable qualities, yet shall we find that the children are injured, and their home rendered uncomfortable to them. The boys no longer find a companion in their remaining parent; his attention is engrossed by a new object, his confidence is gradually withdrawn, and the remonstrances of his sons, however gentle, appears disobedient and impertinent.—The girls, accustomed to regulate the household concerns, and consulted by their father on every domestic arrangement, find the authority usurped by a stranger, and themselves superseded in their father's affection; their various inclinations are no longer consulted: it is not the wishes of his children, but of his wife, that must be considered; the servants must obey her commands, and the daughters seem reduced to mere domestics. Nor is this all: the unwelcome addition of a new family, perhaps, renders it necessary for them to quit the paternal roof, and seek the means abroad of a genteel maintenance, exposed to various ills, which they had never known but for their father's indiscretion. They find themselves cut off from all their expectations; they are alienated from their father's thoughts; and no longer solicitous to please, suffer themselves to deviate from the path of rectitude, which they would otherwise never have quitted.

CAPTAIN RATTLE.

From what has been already advanced, it appears to me that a man who has a family by his first wife, is to be deemed imprudent if he ventures to take a second; yet, I cannot but think the argument absurd, and contrary to every liberal sentiment. It is natural to suppose, that he

who has once been happy in the married state, must feel a painful vacuum in his heart, when deprived of the object of his first affection; and although he may have children capable of regulating and superintending his domestic concerns, they can never supply to him the companion he has lost.—His children, when grown up, will most likely form other connections, which must separate them from him, and, in his declining years, he will be deprived of solace, support, and domestic comfort. While their youthful years demand the care of a female in various little particulars, which a father, however beloved or indulgent, cannot supply; he conceives that he does them an essential service in supplying them with a second mother; and surely he is justified, if he selects a woman who is too respectable to disgrace him, and too prudent to set them a bad example; and even though, in some particulars, it may not altogether turn out to his most sanguine wishes, they must be unfeeling children, who, on that score, neglect their duty, or embitter the hours of a parent with envious murmurings or useless repining. Were all prejudices set aside, it would, I think, be found that nine families in ten might live in harmony together, even under a mother-in-law; and I know many private instances, in which a second wife has both merited and obtained the love of her husband's children. Yet, as things are, and taking every circumstance into consideration, I am led to conclude that, in cases of a second marriage, the husband is the most miserable, the wife most injured, and the children most in fault. However, as we cannot make any positive conclusion on a subject of such delicacy, we can only hope that the report of our debate may deter some old men from making an indiscreet choice—some unmarried females from uniting themselves with a father of a family—and some children from treating with disrespect and injustice, a woman, who has, perhaps, in no other way transgressed against them than in consenting to become the wife of their father.

Adjourned for consideration.

The question was then put for the next debate, viz.—

Is Fear natural, or acquired by education and habitual weakness?

LITERARY BANQUET.

NO. V.

ORIGIN OF THE EXPRESSION "AS DRUNK AS DAVID'S SOW."

DAVID LLOYD, a Welchman, kept an alehouse in the town of Hereford, and had a kind of monstrous sow with six legs, which he shewed to his customers as a valuable rarity. Now David's wife was often accustomed to make herself quite drunk, and would then lie down to sleep for an hour or two, that she might qualify herself for the performance of her business: but one day it happened that the house was full, and she could find no place to sleep in but the hogstye, where her husband kept the aforesaid sow, on clean straw; so she very orderly went in, and fell asleep by her harmonious companion. The sow no sooner found the door left open, but out she slipped, and rambled to a considerable distance from the yard, in joy at her deliverance. David that day had some relations come to see him, who had been against his marrying, and, to give them an opinion of his prudent choice, he took occasion to inform them he was sorry that his wife was abroad, because he would fain have had them see her, "For," says David, "surely man never was better matched, or met with a more honest, sober wife, than I am blessed in." They congratulated him on his good fortune; and, after a short time, were desired by David to see the greatest wonder of a sow that ever had been heard of in the world; he led them to the hogstye door, and opening it to its full wideness, the first thing they saw was his good wife, in such a posture and condition, that, on her starting up, and calling David husband,

she gave occasion for a hearty fit of laughter, and for the phrase abovementioned.

ORIGIN OF "NINE TAYLORS MAKE A MAN."

It happened (it is of no great consequence in what year) that eight taylors having finished considerable pieces of work at a certain person of quality's house, (whose name authors have thought fit to conceal) and having received all the money due for the same, a virago servant-maid of the house observing them to be but slender built animals, and, in their mathematical postures on the shopboard, appearing but as so many *pieces* of men, resolved to encounter and pillage them on the road. The better to compass her design, she procured a terrible large black pudding, which (having waylaid them) she presented at the breast of the foremost; they, mistaking this *prop of life* for an instrument of *death*, at the least for a blunderbuss, readily yielded up their money; but she, not contented with that, severely disciplined them with a cudgel, which she carried in her other hand; all which they bore with philosophical resignation; thus eight not being able to fight against one woman, were of course counted unworthy altogether of the title of one man, consequently a ninth is added to supply the deficiency.

DATE OF THE TERM "GUINEAS," AND WHY SO CALLED.

In King Charles the Second's time, when Sir Robert Holmes, of the Isle of Wight, brought gold dust from the coast of Guinea, a guinea first received its name from that country.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE CANDLE.

A WIGHT stone-blind, conveys with care
A costly bowl with china ware,
One hand the bowl, and one a light
Sustain'd, because he knew 'twas night.

A neighbour meets him—" Friend," says he,
" Pray what's the candle's use to thee?"
He answer'd—" 'Tis to keep me clear
Of heedless fools that ramble here,
Lest, jostled in the dark, I roll,
Let go my hold, and break my bowl.
I guard, as all the wise should do,
Against myself, and others too."

Singular Preservation of three Persons previously to the Explosion of his Majesty's Ship " The Boyne," at Spithead.

When the rapid and dreadful conflagration happened on board the Boyne, a marine was peaceably sitting in his berth, with his wife and son, a child of about twenty months old, just beneath the place where the misfortune began; and finding every effort to escape the flames in the ordinary way ineffectual, the man, with the greatest composure and presence of mind, took from the pens a sheep of the captain's live stock, and bracing the boy on the animal's fleecy back, dropped them into the sea.—" There," said he, " turn to the land; and God go with you." Encouraged by her husband's resolution, his wife leaped into the sea, and the man followed, supporting his companion above water, till the boats arrived to their assistance, when they were taken up, little the worse for the venture. The sheep, with the greatest steadiness, was seen making for the shore, with the young sailor riding upon its back, like an infant river-god, to the vast delight of the spectators on shore; who, from the tenderest motives, finding themselves interested in the boy's safety, rushed into the watery element to meet the young navigator, whom they presently *unsheeped*, and succoured with tenderness, till he again fell into the arms of his adventurous parents. The singularity of this event obtained the patronage of a very liberal lady in the Isle of Wight, who, having prevailed on the mother of the child to leave his future fortune to her guidance, declared in the most friendly manner, " that as the boy had begun his naval career on a *lamb*, she would never leave him till he was able to continue it like a *lion*.

ORIGIN OF FRYING PANCAKES ON SHROVE-TUESDAY.

ONE Simon Eyre, a shoemaker, being chosen lord-mayor of London, made a Pancake Feast on Shrove-Tuesday, for all the apprentices in London; and from that time it became a custom. He ordered, that upon ringing of a bell in every parish at noon, on that day, every apprentice should leave his work, and repair to the mansion-house; which custom was observed for many years, and was called the Pancake Bell. There is a poem, said to be written by an apprentice, giving a more full and interesting description of the ceremony, which the editor will endeavour to procure, and insert in the next number.

Observations on the Fashions.

AS the season advances pelisses are beginning to be worn, but no new shapes have appeared; large silk shawls are most fashionable.—The waists are lengthened considerably, and sashes are worn as braces.—Coloured sarsnet dresses, with borders, worked in chenille, seem likely to be general. —Straw bonnets are much worn, trimmed with painted ribbon, or embroidered, to match the dress.—Beaver hats, in the Spanish shape, are the newest, which are mostly white or purple.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

FIG. 1.—A round dress of lilac crape, embroidered with silver; cap to correspond with the dress.—Brace sash of silver ribbon.—White kid gloves and shoes.

Fig. 2.—Dress of white sarsnet; green sash.—Head dressed fashionably, with a tira and white feathers.—Diamond necklace.

Fig. 3.—Dress of plain muslin, made high over the bosom; long sleeves, with a full top plaited into a band.—Straw bonnet, trimmed with green.—Shawl of camel's hair. —White gloves.

LONDON DRESSES for OCTOBER.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe Poultry Oct.r 1.st 1808.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

ABSENCE.

ILL omen'd *morn!* though nature's loveliest charms
Burst on creation like the bloom of spring;
Though yon bright orb the op'ning landscape warms,
And with the lark's shrill note the valleys ring;

Yet with no rapt'rous glance *thy* dawn I hail;
Tho' rob'd in all that summer's pride can yield,
Still unrefreshing breathes the balmy gale,
And unregarded smiles the verdant field.

What thus my bosom's wonted peace destroys?
What low'ring cloud of sorrow intervenes,
To draw a veil o'er life's serenest joys,
And blast the prospect of these fairy scenes?

Absence! 'tis thy keen pang I'm doom'd to prove,
And nature smiles in vain—depriv'd of her I love.

H. C.

WINTER.

1.

FROM Arctic climes, with gloomy train,
Dull Winter hastes to Britain's land,
Wide to extend his dark domain,
And govern with a stern command.

2.

With arrogance he drives his car,
And desolates the country round;
While winds that issue from afar,
Again resume a hollow sound.

3.

He rudely waves his brumal wand,
While leafless are the lofty trees;
Then, with his conqu'ring algid hand,
Chains fast in ice the raging seas.

4.

He stills the agitated waves,
And bids their foaming noise to cease;
Dumb, dumb are all the sparry caves,
'Till Spring procures a free release.

5.

The winged minstrels all retire,
To chant their lay in southern isles,
Where Phœbus spreads his torrid fire,
And Summer's blooming aspect smiles.

6.

Where woods and forests all are crown'd
With plenitude of foliage gay;
And where the richly painted ground,
Its bright'ning verdure doth display.

7.

Whilst here stern Winter hides with snow
The scenes of nature's various face;
He blasts the prospects here below,
While gath'ring clouds a storm menace.

8.

Oh! what distress the tyrant brings,
To sterilize this blissful shore;
Fell devastation far he flings,
Whilst cheerful verdure is no more.

9.

No longer now the hills are seen,
Nor yet the smiling flow'ry plains;
To wear the beaut'ous robes of green,
Which they assume when summer reigns.

10.

No longer's heard, in yonder grove,
The am'rous shepherd's tuneful reed,
Where fleecy lambs were wont to rove,
And on the sloping banks to feed.

11.

With mournful eye the rustic swain
O'erlooks the circling snowy fields,
Whose fruit he can no more obtain,
For none the frigid season yields.

12.

Thus Winter hails the rolling year,
And thus he does this isle suppress;
'Till Spring her beauty shall uprear,
And renovate its former dress.

Mincing Lane, Sept. 2, 1808. W. BROWN.

MY HUSBAND.

HAPPY twenty-fourth of May!
Let me, on this joyous day,
Dedicate to thee my lay,
My Husband!

May no cares perplex thy mind;
Ever faithful, fond, and kind,
To the last thou shalt me find,
My Husband!

Sickness may my bloom destroy;
Adversity may damp our joy;
Yet virtuous pleasures never cloy,
My Husband!

Blest with thee no ills I fear,
Let wealth and beauty disappear,
To this heart thou art more dear,
My Husband!

See our blooming offspring round,
While such joys as these abound,
Where can purer bliss be found,
My Husband!

ELIZABETH.

LINES

Sent to a Young Lady, whose features very much resembled those of the Author's.

SAY, can it possibly be true,
Sweet nymph, that I resemble *you?*
Or is it flatt'ry's wily art,
To plant presumption in my heart?
To be compared to one so fair,
Who boasts of charms the amplest share;—
To be compared to one so wise,
Whose virtues fit her for the skies;—
May well give exultation birth,
And serve the place of genuine worth.
But oh, for *you*, may fate assign
A lot that differs far from mine!—
May love your fleeting hours employ,
And waft you to the shrine of joy!
Love—like a vernal blossom, sweet—
Love—unextinguished by deceit;
Such as *this* injur'd bosom knew,
Ere beauteous Anna prov'd untrue.
But should *your* gentle bosom own,
A fonder wish, to me unknown;—

That wish—tho' ne'er divulg'd to me—
Oh grant it, Heaven! whate'er it be.

Marazion. M. P. M.

ON A FAITHFUL GREYHOUND.

BY R. C. D.

AH! could I snatch thee from the bed of death,
And with new floods the fount of life supply,
How joyfully should I prolong thy breath,
Renew each nerve, and cheer thy beamless eye.

But wherefore wish! thy lot is that of all—
Thy friend who mourns must yield to nature's law,
Like thee must sink—and o'er each dark'ning ball,
Will death's cold hand th' eternal curtain draw.

Oft to this spot, as love his footstep draws,
Thy lowly grave shall fix thy master's eye;
Here on thy sleep of death shall friendship pause,
Dwell on past days, and leave thee with a sigh.

AN ENIGMA.

WHEN first my eyes to heaven's bright light unclos'd,
To various ills my frame was then expos'd;
The wet and dry I both did undergo,
The nipping frosts and chilling flakes of snow;
Hard was my fate, yet man far more severe,
Bore me with bloody hands I know not where:
His sanguine mind more mischief still did crave,
And strait consign'd me to a wat'ry grave.
Then, after many tedious weeks and days,
Expos'd me to the sun's all scorching rays;
And still with malice and most cruel art,
He cut and mangled me in every part;
Then, to increase my torment and vexation,
Compell'd me to a torturing fomentation.
Dragg'd from this dreadful bath, to work he goes,
And soon belabours me with heavy blows.

Pain still more grievous I am doom'd to feel,
Mangled and wounded with the sharpest steel;
Yet, to reward me, I must own 'tis true,
At length I am allow'd to walk with you.
Sometimes I with the labourer toil all day,
And oftimes rove with lords and ladies gay;
Till in their service I'm grown old and poor,
My former patrons favour me no more.
Though even then my former occupation,
I may resume in a more humble station;
The woe-worn mendicant may then implore
My shatter'd relics at the great man's door;
'Till sever'd, bit by bit, my use is lost,
And midst a mould'ring pile with scorn I'm tost.

CHARADE.

BY the side of a stream is *my first* to be seen,
'Tis a creek for the shelter of boats from the tide;
'Tis the half of a contract, or bargain, I ween,
And the half of what each hungry hunks is beside.

My second, tho' small, is of courtship the end;
'Tis what conjurors draw in a magical mood;
And tho' ladies regard it as love's truest friend,
What it leads to, don't always turn out for their good.

My whole is now us'd by man, woman, and child,
In village, or city, at school, and at college;
And has been so since Eve, by the serpent beguil'd,
Eat an apple in Eden, and tasted of knowledge.

August, 1808. J. M. L.

SOLUTION

Of the Charade which appeared in our Museum for July.

THE *swan* majestic glides along
The silver bosom of the lake;
Whose gentle waves, with timid sweep,
Soft on the verdant margin break.

A bed of *down* the monarch waits,
Who yet may slumber not so sound
As him, whose humble bed of straw
Is spread upon the cold damp ground.

The *swandown* tippet warms our fair,
When cheerless winter rules the day;
Till spring returns to soothe each care,
Clad in the bloomy robe of May!

August 9, 1808. J. M. L.

SOLUTION

OF THE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

FOR once, my muse, oh! cease the theme of love,
Or with it blend the hist'ry of the *glove*.
The sheep's warm skin, by art and labour's hand,
First becomes leather, then dress'd, dy'd, or tann'd;
To *gloves* of various colour, shape, and size,
Is form'd, as changeful fashion claims the prize:
So the ingenious silkworm's glossy thread,
When art's assisting hand its course has led,
Becomes a *glove*, a pic-nic, or a sleeve,
(As fashion shall ordain, so toil must weave.)
The *glove* thus form'd, as use or dress demands,
Preserves or decorates the fairest hands;
Defends the trav'ller from the pelting storm,
Or keeps the soldier on his night-watch warm.
In days long past, when fierce chivalric pow'r
Sought for the fight in danger's death—fraught hour;
The *glove* was then the challenge to display,
Their strength and courage in the doubtful fray;
Those were heroic days, were days of fame,
Unknown was then the fop's disgusting name;
For our degen'rate age 'twas left to trace,
The brood of folly in each crowded place;
Whose scented dress, and *gloves* of unsoil'd yellow,
Bespeak the feeble, fribbling, foppish fellow!

Oh! shun such creatures, ladies, shun them, pray,
To nought but nonsense they can shew the way;
Be those your pride, let those obtain your smile,
Who fight for and defend your native isle:
For we have heroes, fam'd in martial story,
Whose deeds may vie with ancient Roman glory:
Moore, *Stuart*, *Wellesley*, sons of Britain's land,
Dalrymple, *Burrard*, form a glorious band!
While those who stem with dauntless prow the wave,
Each like the other is so truly brave,
'Twere vain to seek for one whose noble name,
Should rise above his fellow sons of fame;
All, all are noble, brave in Britain's cause,
They fight for freedom, and for freedom's laws;
Fight for a king, who all his life has strove,
To give for loyalty a father's love!
Long may *that king* yet live; and longer still
May Britain's navy rule the world at will!!

Sept. 2, 1808. J. M. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR Apollonian Wreath being made up very early last month, was the cause of J. M. L's favour being omitted--we would not willingly neglect any of the productions of this valuable correspondent.

In answer to J. Brown's polite note, we beg to assure him, that we think it no trouble to make such alterations in the various contributions received, as will fit them for the public eye--and we are always particularly gratified when our correspondents have the candour to submit to the correction of such errors, as in the hurry of composition may have escaped the notice of the author.

Our thanks are due to E. T. for her zeal; her favour shall be inserted. The other part of her letter is submitted to the consideration of the proprietors.

We are obliged to take the liberty of requesting that our "Constant Reader" will check the effervescence of his imagination, and always keep in mind that his effusions are to come before a female tribunal, who cannot countenance any thing that directly or indirectly borders on indelicacy. His lines have merit, but without considerable alteration cannot appear.-The Dove, in particular, is objectionable.

Mrs Maria Edgeworth.

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